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What fools these mortals be!

Puck

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NO DOUBT ABOUT HER FINAL CHOICE.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING SOME ASPECTS OF CIVILIZATION.

IN HIS SPEECH at the opening of the Columbian Exposition, President Cleveland said: "Let us hold fast to the meaning that underlies this ceremony. As, by a touch, the machinery that gives life to this vast exposition is now set in motion, so, at the same instant, let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity and the freedom of mankind." Therein he touched upon a phase of the Exposition that is of vital interest. This celebration arouses us, as from sleep, not only to the industrial progress of the world, but to the spirit of enlightened amity that is irresistibly effecting the brotherhood of nations. "Within fifty years," said Napoléon, "the government of all Europe will be either Republican or Cossack." We should respect his prophecy more, were we sure he had inclined toward the former alternative. Tennyson sang more to the point:

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The soldier and the poet sensed the inexorable law of progress, and each voiced it as his temperament and training dictated. We, the people of the United States, have successfully applied that law, and we have begun a six months' object-lesson to demonstrate the correctness of our interpretation to the nations of the world. Since we first declared ourselves accountable to this law alone, ours has been a powerful influence. We have the French Republic to our credit; and we have increased the uneasiness of most crown-wearing heads. The present is a most opportune time to hold up our institutions for the inspection of monarchies. We believe peaceful contact with them will prove their preëminence in the realm of government; and it may pave the way for their open adoption by nations that are now monarchies in name only. A Belgian mob lately secured an extension of the elective franchise by semi-peaceful measures. The Reichstag has repudiated the military traditions of Germany by rejecting the Army Bill. The young man who is trying to rule Germany promptly dissolved the Reichstag; but he can not dissolve the sentiment which a member voiced when he asked: "What is the use of patriotism to a man with nothing to eat?" England is attempting a Republican solution of the Irish question. From Cuba comes news of a revolution which probably amounts to little of itself, but which indicates and nourishes the growth of Republican sentiment. The Hawaiian affair is significant as a bloodless revolution. The Bering Sea matter shows that the two greatest nations of the world recognize the folly of war in international disputes. This state of affairs threatens to rob the future historian of exciting battle stories. There is one country, however, that will yet furnish him material for some

stirring narratives. Napoléon's prophecy was not fulfilled, and we beg leave to amend it thus: "Russia, in attempting to rule Europe after the Russian fashion, will lose its own self-control." Russia is a thorn in the side of peace. It discourages enlightenment in its people by the simple expedient of removing such of the enlightened as are rash enough to disclose the fact. The light of peace and liberty, dawning on the social horizon, throws this bleak despotism into startling relief. Liberty costs blood, and it is hardly to be hoped that Russian liberty will be achieved at less than cost. The historian may still hope for some old-fashioned data there.

The art of destruction and the art of defence have kept such equal pace that one almost feels their development to have been wasted. Away back in the little years the soldier fought efficiently with crude weapons. He asked only a stout shield and a General of presumptive descent from a war-like god. He did not make as neat holes in his enemy as the soldier of to-day would, and he mused up the battle field more, but he accomplished as much destruction on land and sea, and did it inexpensively, too. We are, in this sense, only more scientifically barbarous than he was—we can kill in more ways. All the war-ships in the world, then, were a waste, did they not typify in their superior barbarism, the growth of civilization. The gathering of war-ships in New York Harbor the other day presents the anomaly of a vast destructive force joyously celebrating an event that marks the decay of its usefulness. But we would not be done with our war-ships, even had we sufficient confidence in our own optimism to feel safe in making junk of them. We need war-ships and naval reserves and state militias and regular troops—all for parade purposes. A column of soldiers, marching to martial music, makes patriots of a class of people who are impervious to principle or tradition. We Americans pretend to frown upon all display of this sort as being undemocratic, and smacking of the hollow splendor of effete monarchies; but, all the same, we will go as far and wait as long, to see a military parade, as the most monarch-ridden people of the earth. For a Republic constantly recruiting from peoples that consider us little better than anarchists, we have too few military displays. Such spectacles are not only a tangible evidence of State to the new citizen, but they stimulate in the born American fires of patriotism that are too often carelessly tended. Take the recent land parade of naval forces in New York. Good American citizens witnessed this at great inconvenience. They showed a tendency to call all foreign participants "dagos;" but they knew their own colors and cheered them. They felt the breath come quick and short, a peculiar fullness in the throat and a creepy tingling up and down the spinal column—and that was patriotism; the crude article, you might say. We need such displays, not to incite men to battle, but to inspire loyalty in their hearts, and to remind them of this truth, which the whole naval celebration emphasized: The civilization that teaches us to approach perfection in the art of killing is teaching us to regard killing as a useless art.

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THE BICYCLE MOVEMENT REACHES LONELYVILLE.

How Mr. Howson Lott takes his purchases home from the village grocery store, now.

RELATIVELY SMALL.

JUMPUPPE.—It is wonderful how little a man can live on in this world.

JASPAR.—Yes; especially when compared with the amount he wants.

VALUABLE ASSISTANCE.

HUNKER.—What prompted you to ask Miss Giddey to be your wife?

SPATTS.—I think Miss Giddey herself prompted me more than anybody else.

HE MUST BE.

CROSS.—Did you ever write any poetry?

SQUEERY.—Yes; some.

CROSS.—What for?

SQUEERY.—Oh, just to kill time.

CROSS.—Is he dead?



"SHOULDER ARMS!" — Ladies' Sleeves to-day.

EPSTEIN.—Dose Scherman pipes vos schoost made for our peoples.

A HAT RACK.—That Splinting Headache Next Morning.



IN LILAC TIME.

JUST SUCH a day as this, perhaps,
Of mist and driving rain,
A hundred years ago they stood
By this old window pane:
Two lovers leaning here to gaze
Together at the rain.

Perhaps it was the lilac storm
As now. Look! do you see
The lilac branches toss and wave
Their plumes on every tree?
Whom are they beckoning? Two ghosts
Unseen by you and me.

Two lovers leaning here to look
Out of the self-same pane
Adown the broad old gravel walk,
Splashed with the drops of rain
That dripped from off the lilacs,
Or dashed against the pane.

I think the fire blazed on the hearth
As now, right cheerily.
Yon portraits on the wall, then fresh,
Looked down benignantly;
And then, I think, she raised her eyes
To his quite suddenly.

And when they dropped, as suddenly,
Upon the window pane,
His heart began to beat so fast
He could not hear the rain,
Or see the purple lilacs brush
Against the window pane.

There, drop the curtain, dear. We have
No right to look again
At those old lovers leaning there
Forgetful of the rain.
Yet, see! Two names—and here 's a date
Scratched on the window-pane.

Eva L. Ogden.



A FAIR BED.

"Is n't this the hardest bed you ever slept in?" said one man in a crowded Chicago hotel to his bedfellow.

"Oh, no!" was the cheerful reply; "I once slept in the lava beds of the Black Hills."

AN ORNAMENT TO THE FORCE.

BOND.—Is O'Toole on the force?

REAGAN.—I should say he is! He made eleven saloon keepers come down during his first week; and the captain 's so tickled that he 's going to have him made a special detective.

MORE RELIABLE.

MAUDE (*poetic*).— "April showers bring May flowers."

MAY (*practical*).— April showers are n't in it with the young man who is now calling on me.

HAMLET LOCALIZED.

Oh, the star who plays *Hamlet* in Brooklyn
Would secure on all actors the call,
If he 'd hang up his cloak of black velvet
And wear a big mouse-colored shawl.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

CARRIE LAMODE.— So we 're not going to have crinoline, after all. What a pity we were all so wrought up about it!

MAY SAVER.—I don't think it 's a pity at all. Papa bought me the material for two new gowns, and now I can have six made out of it.



CULTURE'S INROADS.

MR. WABASH.—Well, are n't you almost ready?

MRS. WABASH.—Yes, dear; just as soon as I get my *mouchoir* and my *fin du siècle*.



PROFESSIONAL KNOWLEDGE.

VILLAINOUS-LOOKING WANDERER.— Ah, sir, a kind Providence has surely thrown you across our path. You live in yon city?

ARTIST (*with chattering teeth*).— Yes. But, gentlemen, I have n't a cent in the world.

VILLAINOUS-LOOKING WANDERER.— Don't git skeered we don't want money of you. Tell us the best lunch route in the town.

ALL THE world loves a lover—yet it laughs superciliously when your ardent letters are read in court.

IT'S QUEER how the average man who takes ever so long chances with the miscellaneous drinkables which the bar affords, worries dreadfully for fear the drinking water his town supplies him is n't absolutely pure.



FRENCH TALES RETOLD
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.*

FATHER DOMINICK'S CONVERT.

(Concluded.)

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by H. C. BUNNER.

"Yes," said Father Dominick gravely; "but, of course, we should take our time about that. There is a great deal of work here, Mr. Gargaroux, a great deal."

"Yes, yes," said Gargaroux; "and you want it done right, too. You don't want no two or three men foolin' with that and doin' it all sorts of ways, so it won't look nohow when it is done."

"No," said Father Dominick; "I should certainly much prefer to have one competent man undertake the entire business. But this is wandhering from the subject. Important as the renovation of our church may be, it is nothing to the saving of a human soul. Am I to expect to see you at mass next Sunday?"



"Why, I s'pose so, I s'pose so, Father, if you think so much of it. As I say, I ain't noways bigoted. Folks has different ways of lookin' at them things, and if that's your way — But I say, next Sunday, you was sayin'? Ain't that a kind of — sudden?"

But Father Dominick's tone had grown severe again.

"Sudden?" he said; "no, Mr. Gargaroux, I should call it tardy in the extreme. I trust that you will not let any suggestion of delay awaken suspicion of the genuineness of the convictions which you inform me you possess."

"Of course not," hastily returned Gargaroux; "I'll be there, I'll be there!"

And the two poor consumptive ladies, becoming conscious that they had witnessed a miracle, dropped on their knees and clasped their thin hands in silent benediction.

Father Dominick had the victory. Victory and a feminine audience — what more could the heart of man or priest desire? He could afford to be good-natured, and he was.

"There, that's the way to talk," he said, with a cheerful good-fellowship, patting his convert indulgently on the shoulder; "that's the sensible way to talk. It's a man y' are now, Michel Gargaroux, and I am sorry you ever were anything else. And now, my man," he went on, "I shall want to confess you — let me see — two times, certain. It must be a long time since you've had a clearance."

Michel Gargaroux became conscious of a new trouble.

"I've got to be confessed, have I? Where will I go for that?"

"There is the confessional," said the priest.

There was something of annoyance in his tone, as he pointed to the dark corner of the church where stood the little curtained cabinet.

"That there box?" said Gargaroux inquiringly. "Le's see."

He walked the length of the building to examine the confessional; Father Dominick following him with a leisurely step. He shook the confessional, rapped it with his knuckles and stuck his thumb-nail into the soft wood.

"Why," he said, "that box ain't in no sort of condition! It's most comin' to pieces."

"'T is old, perhaps," said Father Dominick; "but, sure, it's seen good service."

"It was n't never made right," remarked Gargaroux, giving the frail structure a contemptuous jab with his thumb. "The man what made that was n't no carpenter. He'd better 'a' been blacksmithing. Say, you don't want me to talk to no such a box as that."

"Why not?" demanded Father Dominick.

"Oh, I could n't do it. 'T would set me crazy to look at them bevels. I could n't talk straight."

"I'm thinking it's anything but a straight talk ye'll be making, Gargaroux," said the priest.

"Say, you let me off till I make you a new box," suggested Gargaroux; "this here thing's spruce. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make you one of oak, and I'll make it good, like it ought to be made. Is that satisfactory?"

The priest smiled.

"If the state of my confessional is a bar to your devotional ardor, my friend," he said, "I'll be aisy with ye. Suppose you come to my house to-morrow at this hour?"

Gargaroux's tone expressed a great relief.

"At your house?" he said. "Well, now, that's more like it! There won't be nobody else there, will there?" A furrow of anxiety came between his brows.

"None else," replied the priest encouragingly; "you and me and your sins, that's all."

"It's a bargain," cried Gargaroux, as he grasped Father Dominick's hand and shook it warmly; "and if you don't go back on it I won't. Whoever does, his name's mud."

And he stalked out of the church with determination in his tread.



At half-past twelve the next day Michel Gargaroux sat in Father Dominick's arbor by the riverside, where old Élise had shown him, acting on special orders, to await the Father's coming. Gargaroux felt a vague and undefined satisfaction in this choice of a place for his ordeal, as he surveyed the scene around him. The vine-clad Summer-house stood in a pleasant angle of the low rock-cliffs that bordered the stream. Bushes of tree-honeysuckle surrounded it on three sides; on the fourth, the rapid little river rolled silently by, hurrying to its foamy fall a few hundred yards beyond the priest's garden. The course of the water curved a little in its sharp descent, and, from where he sat, Gargaroux, looking down over the wooded hill-slope, could catch delightful glimpses of white through the deep green of the foliage. Far, far below, at the very bottom of the falls, he could see the little church that had been the scene of yesterday's spiritual conflict — the little church that had somehow become the centre of the universe to the half-breed French Canadian who sat in Father Dominick's arbor waiting to be confessed. Gargaroux was a clod; but this was a pleasant and beautiful place, and, so far as a clod could be, Gargaroux was conscious of it. And he was fully alive to the fact that it was a place of uncommon privacy and seclusion. But even there, in such a spot, and with such soothing influences around him, ten minutes of waiting set Gargaroux to fidgeting uneasily on his wooden bench.

"He takes his own time, by thunder!" the convert murmured to himself. "He ain't never worked by the day, that man."

A stir in the thicket behind him made him turn.

"Oh, he's comin' at last, is he?" he said as he braced himself for the ordeal.

And then his heart jumped up in his breast and turned suddenly cold as he saw the bushes part and the huge form of Father Dominick appear — not the Father Dominick of every day, in his wrinkled, shiny old broadcloth coat and his broad black ribbed-silk vest with the grease-spots on it; but Father Dominick grand and majestic in the snow-white surplice of the church, strange and solemn, with a serious look in his eyes and an awful dignity in the straight line of his firm-set mouth and the breadth of his big clean-shaven chin.

Before this white immaculate vision, this uniformed representative of a supernal power, the reclaimed atheist was quite as awe-struck and deferential as — well, as the priest had calculated he would be. Indeed it required the good Father's kindly affability to put him at all at his ease.



"Sit down, Gargaroux, sit down," said Father Dominick; "why, man, nobody's going to eat you!"

But Gargaroux had come to the dentist, and now he wanted to have the tooth pulled as soon as possible.

"If it's all the same to you, Father," he said; "I'd rather get this here job over right off."

"Very well, my son, very well," assented Father Dominick as he placed upon the ground a small object which he had been carrying in his left hand half concealed by the folds of his vestments. It was a little hassock or cushion.

"Kneel down," said the priest.

Gargaroux drew back a step.

"Say," he began, "I did n't understand there was no such business as that."

With stern and authoritative manner Father Dominick rebuked him.

"'T is on your sinful knees that you must approach the throne of mercy. Lose no time — you may be called for your sins while you're thinking about it. Down, man, and be thankful that you're let."

(Concluded on page 198, this number.)



CAUSE FOR DISCHARGE.

JUDGE (*severely*).—Horsewhipping is the only suitable punishment for you and your kind. The idea of a man of your size beating a poor, weak woman like that!

PRISONER.—But, your Honor, she keeps irritating and irritating me all the time.

JUDGE.—How does she irritate you?

PRISONER.—Why, she keeps saying, "hit me! beat me! I dare you to hit me! Just hit me once, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a judge, and see what he'll do with you!"

JUDGE (*choking*).—Discharged!

A REAL ABORIGINAL.

DUZZLED VISITOR (*at Indian encampment, to SQUAW with red hair and strangely Celtic features*).—And are you an Indian?

SQUAW.—No, mum; O'im the wife of wan. Ye wor surprised to foind a rale Amirican here, was n't ye?

A SINGULAR DELUSION.

Oh, what a literary mist
Did that sweet woman's mind befog,
Who went into the Bible House
To buy Boccaccio's Decalogue!

John Ludlow.

WANTED TO STOP OVER.

CHICAGO MAN (*on train*).—Say, I intended to go straight through to Washington; but, come to think, I'd like to stop off at Philadelphia for a day.

CONDUCTOR.—Very well, I'll mark your ticket.

CHICAGO MAN.—Thanks; and don't forget to slow up.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

JINKS.—Did you prefer charges against the policeman who clubbed you?

FILKINS.—Yes; but it did no good. The commissioners preferred the policeman.

ARBOREAL.

If the genealogic tree
Should grow in the green, green earth,
On its limbs serene and free
The monkey would chatter in mirth.



TOO WILLING.

HOWSON LOTT.—I tell you, you ought to come out and live at Lonesomehurst. It's the healthiest and most beautiful station on the road.

MURRAY HILL (*musingly*).—I wonder if I could buy a nice little place out there?

HOWSON LOTT (*eagerly*).—Yes; I'll sell you mine! Dirt cheap, too!

THE ADAPTATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES IN AFRICA.



I.



II.

Gargaroux knelt.

"Repeat the Confiteor."

"The which?" demanded the penitent.

"Oh, the heathen!" said the priest, shaking his head; "well, say it after me. Follow me now, word for word."

And he began to repeat the brief prayer with the addition of a few interjections designed to meet the case of this particular case of penitence, such as:

"— 'to blessed Michael, the arch-angel,'— I'll warrant you never heard of him, did ye now?"

Or,

"— 'through your fault, through your fault, through your most grievous fault'— three times, do ye mind that?"

When it was done he settled himself more comfortably on his bench, crossed his legs, folded his hands on his stomach, and said:

"Now proceed to your confession."

But Gargaroux had no idea what was required of him; and he only knelt and stared helplessly at the priest, with the look of a badgered beast, until Father Dominick came to his rescue.

"I see," he said; "I see, you've forgotten; that's it, is it? Well, then, I'll put you through just a trifle of an examination as to the state of your soul. We'll try you on a few of the Commandments, to see how you stand. Now, take the first—you know what that is?"

"Why—I—" began Gargaroux; but the priest did not wait for him to finish.

"Of course you do," he said cheerfully; "who would n't. Now, the interrogation you are to ask of your conscience is this: 'Do you wholly and entirely love your God, and more than anything else you know of?'"

"Why, you see," said Gargaroux, "it's this way. I ain't sayin' I ain't got no natural affection. A man with a wife and four children ain't got no right to say no such thing. Nor, you understand, I ain't binding myself to anything as a matter of business. I don't want to bring dollars and cents into this thing. But outside of that, and reasonable like to any legitimate extent—"

"T won't do," said Father Dominick; "you must love Him more than anything in the world."

"Well," returned Gargaroux, doubtfully, but accommodatingly, "I'll do my best."

"Now, let's see; I'll not try you with the whole ten at once, but just with a few, skipping here and there like. For instance, 'Thou shalt not steal'—how's your conscience there?"

"I ain't no thief!" Gargaroux exclaimed, indignantly.

"Sure you're not," said the Father, in a soothing voice; "but that commandment has more spread to it than you think. Have you deviated in the slightest degree, by so much as a hair's-breadth, from the paths of strict and absolute honesty?"

"Why, look here, Father," Gargaroux made answer in a candid and confiding manner, "it's just this way. I'm an honest man, and I take a pride in it. I don't care what other people think about them things, I take a pride in it, and I ain't ashamed to own it. But I don't believe in bein' too durned fool honest. 'T ain't natural; and if people find it out they begin to take advantage of it, don't you see? I ain't sayin' that I don't pile it on just a leetle when I've got a customer I know can afford it—just an hour or two here,



or a few foot of stuff there—but never so as that he'd feel it. But I don't see nothing wrong in that; do you? Not when you consider that a man has a duty to his family; I don't."

"The misappropriation of a single cent constitutes an act of theft," said Father Dominick, majestically. "Avoid the practice. We'll pass on to another one: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

"Well, I do, I do," said Gargaroux, stroking his chin reflectively; "when business is slack I do. I ain't sayin' that when I'm rushed—when I've got a job that ain't done Saturday night, and has got to be ready Monday morning—that I don't put a little work in Sundays; but I would n't make no practice of it. And I always charge it two days in the bill; so I guess there ain't no harm in it."

"You must shut up your shop on Sunday, Gargaroux," said the priest.

"I do, I do," the penitent cheerfully assured him. "Keep her shet, always, street-front end. Why, I'd lose lots of *your* folks' trade if I did n't."

"You must shut the other end."

Gargaroux looked surprised and doubtful.

"Well," he said, at last, "I suppose I could put in a skylight; I'll think about it, anyway."

"Hmfm!" grunted Father Dominick; "to proceed. Here is a commandment of greater importance to him who would live a truly Christian life than most people understand. Have you, in any way, shape or manner, borne false witness against your neighbor?"

Mr. Gargaroux's reception of this question was amazing. He burst into a roar of laughter, slapped his thighs, and writhed in mirthful enjoyment.

"Well, that beats all!" he gasped and chuckled; "that beats all! You're a smart one, Father; I'm durned if you ain't. I knowed you was making up them questions out of your head! You was layin' for me right along, was ye?"

"Silence, man!" thundered the indignant priest. "Cease your unseemly merriment, and answer me!"

"Why I—I—I thought," faltered the sobered and abashed Gargaroux, "that may be the boys had been telling you that it was me started that story about the new butcher being driv out of Montreal for sellin' goat for Spring-lamb."

"I see, I see," said the Father, looking rather hard at his convert; "you'll have to be considerably more careful in the future."

"I will, I will," Gargaroux answered heartily. "Lord, it ain't often they ketch me!"

"Well," said the priest, "I'll ask you one question more and that'll do for to-day. Have you taken the name of the Lord in vain? that is, have you been guilty of blasphemy or profane language?"

"What, me?" asked Gargaroux, as if the examination had hitherto concerned itself with someone else. "Not me; no, sir; I'm no swearin' man. I ain't saying that now and then, when things don't go the right way, I don't say a little more than I mean to—just a few cuss-words like anybody might use—and I don't say that when I *am* swearing I'm so all-fired particular how I *do* swear. But as for real what you might call swearing—why, hell!

I ain't no swearing man."

Michel Gargaroux is now a regular communicant; and they say he made an extremely good job of the church.

(This series of short tales was begun in No. 831 of PUCK.)

AS OTHERS SEE US.

FOREIGNER (*writing home*)—I am very much surprised to learn that only the toughs and thugs run for the offices in this country, and especially for the office of Mayor in the larger cities. I am now in one of the most important cities of the United States, and there are three candidates for this office. One is a notorious "sure-thing" man; another is an ex-cattle thief; and the third is strongly suspected of having poisoned a rich uncle. I learn these latter facts from a perusal of the papers.

IF PADEREWSKI would only stick his head into a night-cap he would have a pretty good hair-pillow.

A SUGGESTION.

The Briton drops his "h's,"
Which havoc with him plays;
But 't would improve the Norseman
If he could drop his "j's."

ON THE OFFICE SEEKER'S RETURN.

"Did you see the President?"
"Yes; but he was very distant."
"Well, Washington is called the city of magnificent distances, you know."

THE BRIDLE PATH—The Middle Aisle.

A SQUARE BACKDOWN—The Box Coat.

AN ANTI-TRUST LAW—"Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be."

THE RAINSFORD IDEA.

CHURCH ORGAN PUMPER.—I never noticed that stop on the organ before.

ORGANIST.—That is n't a stop, you simpleton; that's the electric button, to ring the bell over the bar.

TALKS CHEEP—The Little Chick.



PUCK'S PATENT COMBINATION SAW-KNIFE FOR BOARDING-HOUSES.



A STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE.

MR. HOSTLEIGH.—But, my dear, you have ordered dinner for only thirty persons, when fifty have accepted our invitation.

MRS. HOSTLEIGH (with a look of pity).—Edward, will you never learn? You know our dining-hall will only hold thirty persons. Well, the twenty who do not manage to get in at the first table will think the fortunate thirty were hogs and ate everything up.

ONE VIEW OF IT.

"But, my dear, why should we be extravagant and keep horses?"

"Extravagant? Why, John, it would be economy. We'd save all our livery bills!"

THERE ARE playwrights who never can live by their wits;
And all of their humorous capers
Show they live by the wits of the men who make hits
On the various comic papers.



AN IMPORTANT POINT.

PHYSICIAN.—Light but nourishin' food am what yo' system needs, Mistah Swoggles;—you mus' buy a nice, fat chicken, an' eat a little of it, br'iled.

PATIENT.—Am it abs'lutely necessary foh me to buy de chicken, Doctah?

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

POET.—I have just received a very high compliment from a critic.

FRIEND.—What is it?

POET.—The same that was paid to Keats, Byron and Tennyson.

FRIEND.—You don't tell me! What is it, anyhow?

POET.—Why, he says I am not a poet!

LOVE'S REASON.

HE.—I love you.

SHE.—How do you know you do?

HE.—Why—er—because I feel so slumpy whenever I think of you.

HIS LITTLE SCHEME.

SON.—Father, I have come to the conclusion that it would be a good thing for me to paddle my own canoe.

FATHER.—I am delighted to hear it.

SON.—Well, then, let me have money enough to buy a canoe and paddle, so that I'll be in shape for the Summer canoe-meets.

ENDORSES SHAKSPERE.

Some fighter knocks the champion out
And, as he leaves the ring,
He utters with a lusty shout:
"The play! Oh, that's the thing!"



"AN EARLY FALL."



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

PRYER.—Do you belong to the Grand Army?

FAKIR.—Oh, yes!

PRYER.—But you were not in the late war.

FAKIR.—No; I had a substitute represent me in the war, and now I am representing him in the Grand Army.

HIS BARBER DID N'T TALK.

GRYMES.—What do you think of Corbett and Mitchell?

UKERDEK.—I am not very well posted on prize-fighters. You see, I shave myself.

PROOF POSITIVE.

MR. BEENTHERE YALE.—Well, I guess John has settled down to study for his examinations at last.

MRS. YALE.—Why do you think so?

MR. BEENTHERE YALE.—He does n't write home for money to buy books as often as he did earlier in the season.



INIS OFFICE



THE ROGUE'S MARCH BEGIN!

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

FIN DU SIÈCLE ADVERTISING.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that somebody has invented a combination of search-light and stereopticon by means of which illuminated letters can be made to appear at night on the dark concave of the heavens, as pictures are thrown upon a screen by a magic lantern. The inventor of this contrivance, it is averred, will utilize it for advertising purposes; and before long the nocturnal sky will be a vast bill-board on which enterprising advertisers will make their announcements in gigantic letters of light.

To the casual reader this scheme seems novel enough; but it is only when contemplated in connection with a map of the heavens, or with an ordinary almanac, that the possibilities it holds out can be fully appreciated. This hint, of course, has reference to the utilization of the constellations for illustrating the announcements of the advertisers. To contemplate this feature of the scheme in connection with a map of the entire heavens is an undertaking too vast for immediate consideration; but some idea of its possibilities can be gained by taking in only the signs of the zodiac as shown in any almanac. There are only twelve signs in this belt, but they lie along the pathway of the sun and they will be conspicuous positions and much sought after by advertisers willing to pay extra rates.

Taking them at random, what could be more effective during the bock-beer season than this combination of the celestial figure of Capricornus with luminous letters of terrestrial origin?—



the combination that suggests itself when one thinks of the sign Pisces. Imagine glancing at the Western sky and seeing this display!—

Apothecaries will bid against one another for space in Libra,



But this is no more striking than

and the lucky man will come out with something like this:

Who can measure the effect on the discriminating housewife when she glances upward at night and beholds the sign Aries—the ram—framed in letters of light, thus?—



Somebody's private agency for supplying domestic servants; Sagittarius for a shooting gallery; Taurus for a Chicago dressed beef concern; and the Crab, for instance, thus:



The further one goes into this matter the more it seems as though the signs of the zodiac were designed in the beginning with a view especially to this nineteenth-century utilization of them. There is not one of them that can not be used to advantage in giving effect to the announcement of some enterprising person or firm. Virgo for Mrs.



These are only a part of the signs in a narrow celestial belt. Outside of it are the almost innumerable constellations that are visible from one or another part of this enterprising planet. Many of the constellations at once suggest the names of brands of proprietary articles that for business reasons can not be mentioned here. These will be in great demand; and it looks as though the nations of the earth would have to come to some understanding as to methods of disposing of these celestial franchises. But this is a question of economics, and its discussion would be out of place in an article that is intended to be merely suggestive of the possibilities of one of the most striking of *fin du siècle* schemes.



A TRUE LOVER OF THE SPORT.

OFFICER FLYNN.—Come, now; av yez don't get away from there I'll run yez in!

BOV (*peeping through fence*).—Say, Cap', if you'll le' me see dis double play out I'll let ye take me to de Islan' fer life.

SHORT-LIVED USEFULNESS.

"Was your new setter of any use to you when you went hunting?"

"Oh, yes; he made it possible for me to say I killed something, without lying."

EDUCATIONAL HERESY.

"Look here," said Colonel Gore, of Louisville, to a school director of that city; "you'll have to discharge that new teacher from Massachusetts."

"Why?"

"Why, sah, she's telling the scholars that the human body is 80 per cent. water."

SOME OBJECT TO THE BONES.

EUNICE (*to whom Papa has given the roe*).—I don't like shad, Papa.

PAPA.—Why not, dear?

EUNICE.—Because it's too full of seeds.

HISTORY REPEATED.

JINKS.—Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

FILKINS.—That's nothing. I've known many an American to sell his birthright for a mess of Anglican idiocy.

THE DECADENCE OF A WIT.

EDITOR *American Joker*.—We can not accept any more contributions from you, Mr. Wagg.

MR. WAGG.—May I ask why?

EDITOR.—Your jokes are being copied into London *Punch*.

STAGE FRIGHT may be excused when champion sluggers boss the play.

A POLITICAL ORATOR out West was recently alluded to as a harangue outang.

CIVILIZED DRESS consists of the cut of togs that will be barbarous monstrosities ten years or ten months hence.





W. A. Rogers.

A QUESTION OF DATE.

MISS YELLOWLEAF, sentimentally.—Ah, Mr. Sampson, it makes me proud to think that my father died fighting for his country.

MR. SAMPSON, with interest.—So it should, Miss Yellowleaf. Was your father killed in the Mexican War, or the War of 1812?

GIBBON.—Ya-as. You see a fellah often feels the need of something to pull him together in the morning.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

BRIDGES.—We used to make lots of money during the war palming off worn out horses on the Government.

BROOKS.—And now, I suppose, you can sell that kind of horses to the Fifth Avenue stage line?

BRIDGES.—No; we can't. You see, the stage line afterwards bought up all the horses we sold to the Government.

A QUESTION OF PATIENCE.

"I've been sitting quietly on this fence just twenty-two minutes by the watch," he said; "watching that cat crouching by that rat-hole, and she has n't so much as moved an ear, for I've kept my eye on her steady. What a fool a cat is!"



SIDETRACKED.

GARÇON.—I zink Monsieur has forgotten my tip.

CADMUS.—Play Suretwin in the third race to-morrow.

IN A NUTSHELL.
Now that our wedding-bells have rung,
The whole thing happened thus:
We joined the church when we were young,
And the church, in turn, joined us.

John Ludlow.

A NEAT DESIGN.

CUSTOMER.—Many of my friends are wearing scarf-pins showing the business they are in. I am a carpenter; have you anything suitable for that trade?

JEWELER (showing Masonic pins).—Certainly, sir; here is a large assortment, just in. You will easily recognize your implements—the square and compass.

CUSTOMER.—But what is that 'G' for?

JEWELER.—Oh—er—for 'gimlet,' you know.

A BRACER.

BIGBEE.—They say that a great many society men wear corsets.

To-day we are building the best Piano which modern ingenuity can construct; next year's SOHMER may be better; we hope so; but the SOHMER of to-day is the ideal instrument of to-day; it is the BEST.

139-155 E. 14th St., New York.
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308-314 Post Street, San Francisco.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

Lather

the cool-soft-creamy sort, the kind that never dries on the face—never crusts—never draws or smart.

That's the kind produced by WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

It costs no more than other kinds, but it gives vastly more comfort. Sold at all good Drug Stores for 25c.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., Proprietors famous "YANKEE" Shaving Soap.

Your Wife's Watch

ought to be equal to yours, at least.

Her minutes cost her more than yours and bring her less. You see that at dinner time, at supper time, at breakfast time, and—well, all the time. Haven't you learned her needs? She needs a watch that she can risk anywhere; accurate, stylish and genuine—and not expensive: the new, quick-winding Waterbury. Handsome as a hundred dollar watch, though it costs only \$15 down to \$4.

It is cased in gold, filled, coin-silver, etc. It is stem-winding and setting, a jeweled movement. It may save a costlier one. Every jeweler keeps this watch in all styles.

THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form. GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

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is an exquisite cordial of Calisaya bark—the best of all tonics and anti-periodics.



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A few good agents could secure good terms.

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WANTED BIG ODDS.

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VAN ISCHE.—Yes; will you marry me?
MAY BLUME.—If you wagered enough, I will.

Don't buy foreign wine when there is better and cheaper at your door.
Cook's Extra Dry Champagne.

No Anti-Pyrene in Bromo-Seltzer.
Cures all headaches—Trial bottle roc.

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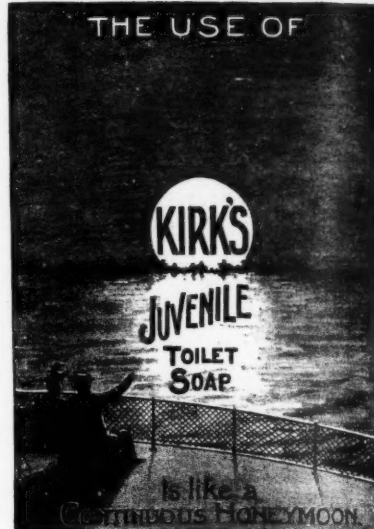
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BOSTON GARTER,

Made by George Frost Co., Boston. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere.



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A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$5.00.

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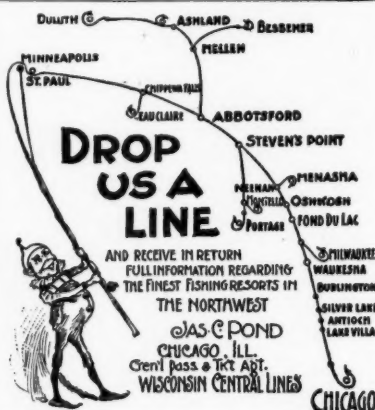
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I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to
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Mrs. O'Toole (the Janitress).—O! overheard Mr. Cobalt say as he wud be afther
havin' to wash these drabins; but begob, a mon so ginorous as to be givin' me a
prisent av tin dollars is not goin' to be allowed to put his hands at thot kind av worruk.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes
the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind
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at the expense
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While we drive
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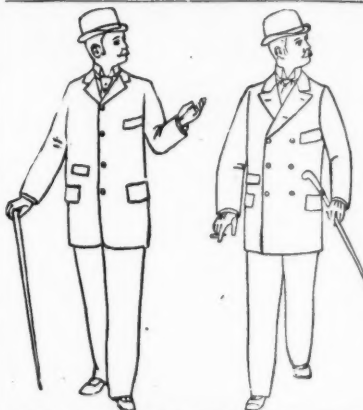
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a solid, concentrated extract, free from
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THE MATERIALS BEST ADAPTED FOR
THESE ARE THE BLARNEY TWEEDS, ROUGH
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 LITERARY MAN.
 —Poetry, my friend,
 is but a form of music.

ORDINARY MAN.
 —That so? Well
 —er—don't you think magazine poetry is a—er—little too Wagnerian? —Ex.

SOME men would think they were cheated if they had the mumps lighter than their neighbors. —Tex. Sift.



Exact Size.

THERE is more power in gentleness than there is in dynamite. —Ram's Horn.

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Among the courses of study offered by the Chautauqua management for the coming Summer sessions at Chautauqua are courses in law. This is somewhat of a new departure, but is one that will meet with favor on the part of very many who visit that resort for study and recreation during July and August. The courses, we understand, will not consist merely in lectures, but will embrace thorough class-room work, and cover the many branches of the law, both for students preparing for examination for admission to the bar and for lawyers reviewing. The work is to be under the personal instruction of William C. Sprague, the managing instructor of The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Detroit, Michigan.

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 A Specific against Dyspepsia, and an Appetizer.

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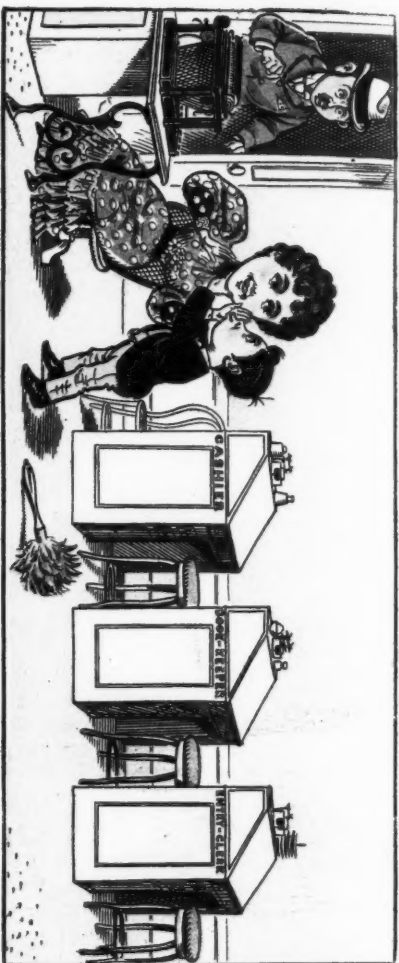
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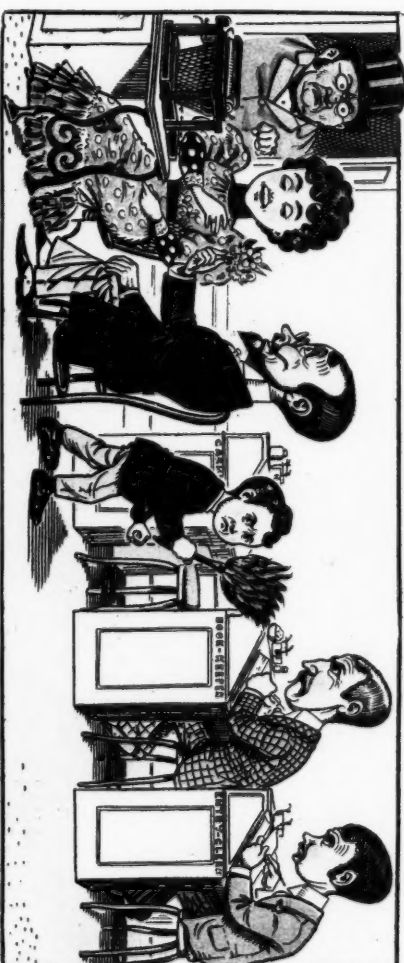
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She not only snared our office-boy, whose love out sized his pay,



But she counted as her humble slave, our entry-clerk, John Files,
A tender young man, who fell at once a victim to her wiles.



She likewise drew by magic our book-keeper under her spell;
He fancied a cottage in Jersey would suit their purpose well.



She was also loved by our cashier, a man who gave it out
That he was a lady-killer who put other men to rout.



But the worst of her iniquity — 't is shocking to relate:
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Then came a shock! A strange young man, with brilliantined roustache,
Robbed the office of its treasure — she married her steady mash!

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